

THE
Mirror of the Stage;

AND

NEW THEATRICAL INQUISITOR.



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Mrs. C. JONES.

NOTHING so delectable as a little anecdote to adorn a biography; and nothing more vexing to the narrator, when he finds he has to tell a story, in which the hero or heroine has gone through the various joltings of "life's hackney coach" without a dislocation, a sprain, or even a little bruise; or what is more strange than all, even having squabbles with the charioteer about the price of his fare. There is certainly nothing like the incident of a broken arm, a confinement in a sponging-house to illustrate a tale withal, wanting these it is a story of monotonous comfort and the reader keeps his handkerchief unwetted by sympathizing brine—there is no giving him the head-ache with any credit to the narrator.

Such a story have we now to recount: we have enquired, with anxious hopes of discovering some little romantic predicaments in the adventures of Mrs. JONES, but all in vain, and her history, divested of the charms of distress and misery, must be reduced to the dignified comfort of "thus it was" and "so it is." It will be needless to state that Mrs. JONES was actually born; but we like to be particular in our statements as it prevents after quibbles—"Kill him again," says the

child to *Walter* "such a villain cannot be too dead.—We have the same disposition in telling a story, we *think* you must have been aware of the nativity of the lady in question—but *now* you cannot have the least doubt of it.

Mrs. JONES is the daughter of a respectable farmer near London, and like many other damsels imbibed so early a predilection for the stage-lights, that she would rather have worked in her sampler the scene of *Romeo and Juliet* than the Ten Commandments; this was, however, not from having witnessed theatrical representations, but from what she heard from her first preceptor Dr. Bellamy, father to the singer of that name. She played a few nights in her native village: but, we suppose, disdaining such a humble sphere, she "left her father's house, and took with her"—we do not know whether a "little" or a "large" bundle. She commenced her regular career (we say regular when people first act for salary) at that modern mount Ida, *Sheerness*. She afterwards played at the theatres royal Birmingham, Bristol, York, &c.; and at length made her appearance at the theatre royal Haymarket, where she has for some time played with great success, and we hope to see her, as the spaniard, say, for the next thousand years.

We have seen Mrs. JONES in a rather extensive range of characters, and she has carried throughout the most refined discrimination, united to the greatest perseverance, to please. Perhaps the line of business which is more particularly destined for this lady, requires for its correct fulfilment as great a share of natural capacity, as any portion of the drama. We say correct, because there is frequently substituted a meretricious flippancy and mincing pertness in the waiting-maids and vulgar ladies, imagined to be the best mode of delineation, when *mind* is as equally requisite for the frivolities of the chambermaid, as for the representation of the highest walk of tragedy. We must here accord to Mrs. JONES, the praise of an acute and searching fancifulness in the *diableries* of the chambermaid, which, probably, raises her efforts to an almost equal worth with many on the stage. Her *Lucy* particularly abounds with this talent: her scenes with *Macheath* have a ready spite, and vindictive penetration, well contrasted by the returning fondness of woman, yet at times yielding to the pervading feeling of jealousy and mistrust. In the frequent combatting emotions of *Lucy*, Mrs. J. never loses that nice discernment which is the emanation of a quick perception into human character. In the broader scenes of comedy, as in *Ursula*, whilst Mrs. JONES offers a glowing portrait of the frisky governante, there are no broad touches which offend by their grossness, and detract from the general perfection of the picture: it is in the highest comic, but still feminine. We shall next speak of her *Idia*, in *Family Jars*; Mrs. JONES is, assuredly, the best Irishwoman on the stage, and when accompanied by a national melody, which is sure to be executed with great tasteful sweetness, we know not a more pleasing personage than is Mrs. C. JONES.

Mrs. J. compels us to make this article a short one: she gives us nothing to condemn, and therefore

further observation would be but further praise.

TIME'S SAWDUST.

THE DREAMER.

I HAVE from my childhood been an inveterate dreamer. When in long clothes, they tell me I used to start and cry, or smile and coo, as if labouring under the visitation of dreams. However, what they portended, I cannot, at so long a period, say; perhaps my infant imagination may have been terrified and cheated by the visions of events which I have since actually suffered. But there have been some dreams, from whose fancifulness I have gathered many pithy morals, and gained from the intricate tangle of imagination, a real and existing clue to probability and the natural course of worldly events. These dreams, although they may at times harass my slumbers, yield to my waking hours, matter for reflection and moral profit. In one night, I have been transported to Indus and the Pole, and back again to my own lodging—at times, haranguing a divan of dervises, and the next moment, soothing the too hasty temper of my landlady, when suffering under a temporary disappointment, resulting from her tenant's absence of capital. I shall now punctiliously relate my sleeping adventures, in no way sparing myself as to any indiscretion into which my slumbers may have betrayed me; but with the most amiable simplicity avow all my errors, and beg pardon for their enormity. I must also beg leave to premise, that I am not confined to time or place, or even to one person, for though I do not live one hundred miles from the unmarked grave of Philip MASSINGER, yet I am sometimes on the Leucadian rock, or practising a double shuffle on the Peak of Teneriffe—also, I really am, in my proper self, a very impos-

ing figure, and of martial appearance, with "Hyperion curls," an "eye like Mars," and every other gentlemanlike acquisition; making, in fact, the *beau idéal*: yet in my dreams, I have been transformed and shortened into a monster and a pigmy, according to the circumstances which have called for the transition. Notwithstanding, I trust that this transformation will be remembered as nothing "but a dream," and that I shall, at the conclusion of my story, be re-instated in that pristine loveliness which imagination at first accorded me.

My first dream that I shall speak of was that of my youth, when escaped from that age which finds its toys in inanimate things, the mind is busied in some half-guessed riddle—some mysterious sweetness and wildering beauty—And what is this?—that old passion of romancers, but no less a delicious one—love. That feeling which has filled and adorned more volumes than chilly, prosing philosophy, and done more for booksellers and printers than did ever Socrates: country-seats have been purchased, and annuities left out of the passion. To return. Surely there may be as much morality and kind feeling recommended with a pleasantry, as with the ponderous nod of white-bearded experience: therefore, I shall endeavour to assume the former mode, and attempt pleasantly to admonish.

I dreamed that I was the native of a country, whose custom forbade any society or interview between lovers, until the day fixed for their nuptials. I dreamed, that my wedding was about to be celebrated, and being dressed "according to the country's custom," I was anxiously awaiting the arrival of my bride. At last, the moment arrived, and the palanquin which bore the unknown idol of my imagination, approached the door. My heart throbbed, and fancy, which had rioted in all its madness, endowing my mistress with the beauty of a Hourii, the face and figure with which our poets clothe the inhabi-

tants of paradise, was now at its highest pitch of expectation. My bride entered my father's house, and, with a lover's haste, I sought to throw off the veil which was to discover to my greedy eyes the perfection of human loveliness. I started back with an astonishment, which I have since blushed to think of, for the object of my surprise appeared to sympathize so sweetly with my disappointment, that I knew not what could have possessed me, to wound the heart, which in its gentleness and elevation, became sensible of my astonishment, and mourned at the cause. I was compelled from notions of honor, to marry her. I did marry, but I never loved her: yet she was as meek as a dove, and as affectionate. I was brutal in my behaviour, cruel in my reproaches: and yet she bore them without a murmur, and appeared to watch every glance of my eye, to anticipate my wants, even though my next look scowled hatred on her. My treatment never wrung aught from her but a sigh and a tear, with sometimes a wish, that it had pleased heaven to endow her with loveliness, to have insured my heart, and gratified my desire. I once suffered under an epidemic disorder, which was slaying half the city: even some of my relations flew from me, and men, whose hands had but the yesterday been grasped in mine, refused to greet me, but hurried hence fearful and loathing.—My wife forsook me not, but sat in silent anguish, witnessing the horrors of disease with an undaunted heart and an unshaken spirit. My soul was touched with momentary compunction, to behold those in whom I had centred I my best opinions, stand thus aloof from me, and she, whom I had scorned, daring the perils of death, and sitting with a smile amid the pestilence. Never shall I forget her look—her burst of intense affection, as she held forth my arms to embrace her, and she fell sobbing on my face—plucking kisses from my distempered lips, and with them

the poison which slew her.—She died.—I determined upon again marrying, and requested my relatives to seek me out another wife: I cared not for her temper, her heart, her accomplishments—if she were beautiful. I was satisfied; every other quality was to give way to outward ornament. They fulfilled my desires, and I was mad with raptures, when they brought me a wife, whose loveliness far exceeded my most sanguine anticipations. I was again married, and thought I held every happiness in the possession of the handsomest wife in the city.—It was but a passing triumph: she brought me children; they were a poor, lamed offspring, bereft of a mother's care and love. I saw my wife take a last look of her child's corse, scarcely without a tear, and I sighed as I thought of my first spouse, asking myself, the worth of beauty alone. Her temper was also irascible and unfeeling; her whole hours devoted to the adornment of her features, and the fancying of new garments. There was no dull medium in my temper, I must either idolize or loathe: the first impulse of ado-

ration which her beauty had awakened, was quickly hushed by her subsequent apathy, and I was miserable; the more so, when I thought of her, whose doating heart leaped at my bidding like a bird to its mate, and of how I had repaid that intensity of affection. One night, in particular, I had been on business, and returning home, was surprised in a shower of rain, and before I could gain shelter, was drenched by the torrent. In this situation I entered my home, and when I hoped for "vestments warm," and those, in themselves trifling, attentions, but made of worth by the beings who proffer them, my wife stirred not when I entered, but bade me serve myself. In a paroxysm of passion, I rushed from the house, and leaping into the river which ran by the garden, I was awakened by the circumstance to the consciousness of having but dreamt: but gained this moral, not to centre every charm in the perfection of face, when unaccompanied by those beauties, which yield to nature's most unfinished outward work the rays of a divinity.

peter.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

The winter is set in; summer flies cling silently to the ceiling, and birds, untrammelled by indentures, passports, and taxgatherers, adapt their homes to the season, and fly back to the sun. Now, beautiful ladies kerchief their snowy necks, and swell their slenderness with the increase of a petticoat, which renders null the half transparent gauze that would, but dare not, divulge the limb. Now, sturdy old gentlemen go merrily to the city, proud of their ruddy health that puffs off the cold—now, button we on an extra coat (if we have such a thing), give directions about listing doors, and lighting fires, return home, red-

nosed as a clergyman, then draw our chair to the fender, which we make a footstool, watch the first maiden smoke up the sootless chimney, and chequer the already long evening, with tea by the fire-light. In a word, Covent-Garden has opened; again, we have Miss TREE and KEMBLE, and the best things in the world, while MATHEWS and Miss KELLY, fearful of some "killing frost" which should endanger the life of public amusement (whom heaven preserve, look up their lungs and their liveries, and sit quietly through the winter, intently shaping in the fire fantastic figures for the summer phantasmagoria.

Covent Garden has opened, and *God save the King* has been said or sung: we take these things as part of the performance we go to hear, seldom fancying them real, and when we do, *only* fancying. We will pause by the way to give an anecdote—pardon, reader, it belonged to the scene, and says beside a great deal for the character of us Great Britainers, as *Jonathan* calls us. We observed a gentleman in the next box, of expressive eye and curling lip, sitting with his hat on during the performance of the said anthem; we of course interpreted this as an honest manifestation of principle; and as we, from some cause, were under the same influence, he was marked out as an object of recognition. We succeeded in eliciting his sentiments on common topics, with most of which we concurred—particularly, regretting that *BAKER* had not grown fatter since last season, and that *EGERTON* should have refused an annuity from a party of gentlemen, supporters of the Theatre, to retire from the boards, and lead a private, rather than *push* a public life. The ice broke; and we carried him into kingdoms and constitutions with a grasp of our political wand. But on a sudden, his high forehead fell in, like the arch of a bridge, his eye turned white like a shilling, with the king's head uppermost—he was a mere proser, with a poetical flourish—one of the ten thousand, with a “*vivat rex*” as an “*amen*” to all things. He remarked, however, that he had *remained sitting*, when even ladies rose in respect to the national anthem, this was explained away by *along walk* which had even fatigued loyalty itself—“but you kept your *hat on*”—there was a *wind* from the box-door! How convenient is loyalty—if a man disposes of it, he can do as somebody is said to have done by his friends, go to a coffee-house, and get more. It may be a paradox, but the only truth in the world is, that there is no truth under the sun.

Mr. KEMBLE, the genuine *Romeo*

of the age, must once more receive our unqualified praise (criticism he defies) for his personation of this character, which combines the whole force of his efforts in tragedy, with that correct, classic, and poetical intonation, for which this actor is unrivalled. JONES will again receive our congratulations for the season: he is *Mercutio*; like *Hamlet*, he “*knows no seems*.”—Again we have the pleasure of applauding Miss KELLY's *Juliet*; it appeared, however, on this night, something too cunning, and some of the points were too strongly marked—the mannerisms of MACREADY struck us as being even more palpable than before—the *Juliet* of this lady must have a strange effect contrasted with the *Romeo* of her master. Her reception was most flattering. As for Mrs. DAVENPORT, she is beyond the reach of time, and never means to grow tired of entertaining us. We have to assure the public, that there is no truth in the report of Mr. MASON's being laid up with the hooping-cough, which would prevent his appearing this season, to the salvation of sundry passages of SHAKESPEAR—on the contrary, we heard him hold a dialogue with EGERTON during a space of five minutes. It is now plain what critics suffer for public good.

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL

Has been played with but little alteration in the cast, and producing the same degree of amusement, as it should seem this pun-loving age requires. JONES strove, as usual, to give the swaggerer *Toronto*, as much the appearance of an original knave as possible; but the fellow has been practising the same tricks under an hundred different names. YATES chuckles as well as he did last season, and FARREN still makes us think of an unripe lemon.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

We have discovered nothing new, except that MEADOWS is worse.

THEATRE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

It is a prevailing practice with the world to accord fame to a man that has once signalized himself, although it rob the right, but unknown, possessor of the praise it heaps upon a more celebrated individual: by this, it should seem that the world deems it impossible for excellence to emanate from an unknown source; and that talent must make known its master: alas, how many men of genius toil in obscurity, and die unnoted—some few anonymous fragments may survive the brain that thought, and the hand that traced them,—they are seized to swell the reputation of another—a famous name is given to them, and poor “Anonymous” is cheated of even its negative consideration.

The above has involuntarily escaped us, from the circumstance of the generality of the public press having given the excellent tale from which the above farce is taken, to either CUMBERLAND or GOLDSMITH; when it belongs to neither, but was first published in a periodical paper, called *Variety*, and the author's name is, we believe, RIFTON. Why take this solitary leaf from the brow of the unknown?—But this is the world. However, we have done our best, and anticipate, on our landing from the “grim ferryman's” boat, a grateful acknowledgment from the shade of RIFTON, when we shall make known to him this, our vindication.

The Bashful Man is adapted by MONCRIEFF—lumps of *Don Giovanni*, back to your native hell—hush, those rattles of *Tom and Jerry*—and cease to flow, thou stupefying *Cataract of the Ganges*—no, being gone, we will proceed devoid of the remembrance of former injuries, to fair and impartial judgment.—To be sure, Mr. M. had but slender dramatic materials, which he has employed with tolerable effect: the scenes are well kept up,

the *denouement* effective, there is no good language, and some very bad puns from the Crown, in Bow-street. Mr. MONCRIEFF, however, has not a nice observation, he cannot enter into the little delicacies of character; but leaves his work roughly daubed and unfinished; he is the very man for the Coburg, where a plenteousness of mummery, is substituted for a probability of circumstance.—So much for the author.

MATHEWS is probably the only actor who could make *Mr. Blushington* so formidable a person. He refines on the falling of bashfulness, and makes us sympathize with the weakness, rather than ridicule it. His first interview with the footman was, we think, rather overstrained: for it is to be remembered, that Mr. Blushington is a man who has received a College education, and, although his timidity may be excessive, when mingling with persons of his own sphere, it is rather too improbable to imagine that he would fluster at the presence of a footman, and call him—*gentleman*. His scenes with *Friendly*, and his dinner table accident were admirably given, and his wooing and inebriation completed the humour of the character. BENNETT shewed his usual complexion of honest rust in *Friendly*; and BROADHURST can never sing *mal-a-propos*, whilst SLOMAN is ever fat and ever guttural. *Doctor Starch* and Mr. TAYLEURE are synonymous. By-the-bye, it is said, that Tayleure has not yet come to his full growth. This we regret, because we think the town has borne him *long* enough, and cannot, surely, endure him much longer.—The farce has met with good success.

BELLES WITHOUT BEAUX.

We could almost quarrel with Miss KELLY for her good acting; it compels us to take patently the

droppings of milk and water sentiment which meanders through this piece. To be sure, there is Miss CARR, who smiles as we sip; still, we ungallantly shake the head, and politely declare the potion to be not quite "to our liking." Then we have the waiting-maid skittishness of Mrs. WEIPPERT, which, as we are in a good-humour, we will say is meant to please; Miss HOLD-AY's bird of song, quivering its wings in the clouds, till it falls to the earth with a sore throat. Mrs. GROVE also wears a *robe de chambre* of the most dangerous whiteness:—

"Her night-gown fastened with a single pin,

"Fancy improves the wondrous charms within:"

with two or three other ladies, all "fulfilling propriety." Yet we are not satisfied with the assemblage: all are women, consequently all are good; there is no interesting incident engendered by the artfulness to man, and so, our senses may go of sleep in security; the Hesperian apples dangle untouched, and nothing is heard but the snoring of the dragon. How often did we wish (in our dreams) that WRENCH, or some such muslin-crumpling reprobate would spring among the party, that we might enjoy their confusion: as it was, we slept undisturbed. Doctor Franklin says, marriage is the natural state of man; that unmarried he is but half of a pair of scissors, disjointed, useless. Now, the ladies in 'Belles without Beaux' are just such unprofitable parts; therefore, we would introduce their component members; we would give them lovers, as one step towards our plan, then, let them marry, and thus, being well *riveted*, the scissors become good household instruments; their clippings are the music of the matrimonial spheres.

The piece went off with great sobriety.

This pleasant Theatre closed on Tuesday, the 5th Oct. for the season, on which occasion Mr. Bartley deli-

vered the following farewell Address:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—As the performances of this evening will terminate our short season. It becomes my duty to offer the usual tribute of thanks for the patronage we have enjoyed. On no former occasion have I been warranted in doing this in terms so entirely unqualified as at the present. The great and various exertions which have been made to insure your favour, have all been crowned with unprecedented success; and it is not saying too much, to assure you that our gratitude is commensurate with your liberal patronage. The Proprietor hopes that he does not arrogate to himself more merit than your kindness will accord to him, when he boasts of having been the first to bring forward the masterly composition of the *Freischutz*. The production of this splendid Opera may almost be considered as a new era in dramatic music; and the extraordinary success which has attended it, notwithstanding the enormous expense incurred by its performance, and the other novelties which have been provided for your entertainment, has convinced him that, even in his very limited season, in the most unfavourable period of the year, a powerful combination of excellence and talent, is certain to receive the gratifying meed of your protection and support.

In this conviction, it is hardly necessary to assure you, that the next season shall be marked even by increased energy, and by new efforts to merit your approbation.

It now only remains for me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to offer you the sincere thanks of the Proprietor, and in my own name, and that of all the Performers, to bid you respectfully farewell.

SURREY THEATRE.

We have been again amused by the interposition of one of the members of this establishment between our turkey-quill, and the clear sheet of foolscap over which it is to travel. We are requested (previous to passing sentence on the performances here), to exonerate *one of the offenders* from a charge of turning

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king's evidences, in disaffection to his fellow-murderers at the bar. He is accused of cutting down his low-comedy curls, and shaving his unhallowed crown to a most critic-like observance—he has, it appears, put on the black cap, uttered the judicial fiat on his own brothers, as Brutus condemned his offspring, and then, following the unhappy men even to the stake, like Nero, fiddled while they were burning. How far he, as an actor, (and, consequently, one who would prefer writing his own critique) may be guilty in other courts, we cannot answer; but, in *ours*, he has never practised, save now and then as a culprit, when he has been usually discharged with a slight admonition obedient to our established law of lenity. From the decrees in the '*Mirror*,' and from all other things that require a command of intellect, we therefore exculpate him; but we cannot see why the actor in question should feel so sensitive under the aspersion, since he has thus obtained credit for a greater degree of judgment than we suspect him to be possessed of.

There has been little change here since the appearance of our last number: crowded houses make our labours light; actors alone make light of our labours, but we mean shortly to ring a change that shall "*shake all people*." *Der Freischutz*, with its incantation, ridiculous last scene, and some excellent acting, alternately interests and stupifies.—ROWBOTHAM, particularly in one or two instances, gives an admirable effect to the music; and Mrs. YOUNG is nightly encored in an air which is of itself a confirmation of the talents of Mr. ERSKINE. We are happy in being able to improve our opinion of YARDLEY. We heard him under many disadvantages—he has much compass, and perhaps more skill, and may look for preferment, though at a minor theatre it is necessary to act *a little*. HARWOOD, according to the last bulletin, has passed many sleepless nights, but the malady is unabated:

the unfortunate gentleman it seems utters but one sound, and this it is:—"Me, an'th shall please you; I am *Anthony Dull*."

Mr. KENT, the Covent-garden bubble, has floated very quietly across the water to splash and sparkle among the marshes. He would certainly be found an acquisition to a minor stage; but as for *Richard* in Mr. KENT, we say with *Bottom*, "look for moonshine—look for moonshine." HEMMINGS and HONOR seemed sublimely ignorant of the properties of blank verse, and tortured its meaning with considerable ingenuity. Are actors scarce? where is S. H. CHAPMAN? if he is not devoting himself to legitimate efforts (which *should be his aim*), let him, as he loves his profession, redeem it from the satirizing fingers of Mr. HONOR, who dips into it as into a snuff-box, and then sneezes, to show how much he has taken, yet "one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him." Let us not be pricked to death with pins like these, we chose rather to be crushed with mill-stones, so speak up HENRY KEMBLE!

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

UNDER the direction of Mr. FRAPTON this house again presents to us a very neat circle, a splendid chandelier, pit seats without backs, and brightened boxes. A new entrance (not too convenient) has been supplied to the pit, and the stage is strengthened with fine oil, and one or two fine faces, particularly that of Miss PHILLIS GLOVER, who returns to the metropolis improved in appearance and confirmed in talent. The opening ballet evinces a deal of judgment as to the length of these matters, which are intended as an easy chair to fatigue, and shows some clever dancing by JACKSON, and his young pupil, the son of the proprietor.

A parody on *Der Freischutz* is too long, and consequently tedious.

Some parts of the dialogue are successful, but the incantation scene wherein all others should centre, destroyed our previous good opinion of the piece. It will, however, improve on acquaintance. It introduced two or three old favourites, but the company, judging from the play-bill, is not yet made up. Mrs. ROWBOTHAM, when the creaking of a first movement shall have worn off, will doubtless become harmonious; something too tall perhaps for this little stage, but if the foot is not pinched why should we complain of a "tight fit."

The principal features in *All at Coventry* were BUCKINGHAM and Miss GLOVER, the former of whom was rather practical in his merriment, as he had half forgotten the little imbibed from the author; and the latter with an archness of eyebrow and manner, came upon us all sun and spirit, when we were shivering near the lobby door ready to depart, and withheld us from our fender during the rest of the evening. It cost us, however, a pair of gloves in our eagerness to appreciate her value. CAMPBELL's free-and-easy style formed a set-off to the rusticity of Mr. DONOUGH, who appeared to us to be merely taking lessons, of which we must confess he stands somewhat in need. ANDREWS burlesques the Virgil and Horace of *Tommy*, and we think adds to the humour of the part. *Timothy*, according to Mr. VINING, dresses far above his station. Other pieces and performers will, we suspect, come under our notice in our next.

COBURG THEATRE.

THE managers benefits at this house have been attended in a manner which marks their high valuation by the public. We particularly congratulate them on their retention of Mr. COBHAM, the remembrance of whom influenced us in another visit to *George the Third the*

Father, &c., which as it is somewhat shorter, is so much the more to be endured. COBHAM's scene is a "good deed in a naughty world," the honey in the hive which we were nearly stung to death in seizing—a "neat rivulet of text" in a "meadow of margin." There appears to be a prejudice, or at least an apathy towards this gentleman on the part of the public press; he has not been recognized as being (what he certainly is) a most classic and original actor. Like the Irish hero of the anecdote, who though born in a stable was "not a horse," Mr. C. may hold a dialogue or measure swords with LEWIS or BLANCHARD, yet he no jot associated with their nature, which to him must seem something curious, something to smile at rather than to spurn—there is an habitual sarcasm on his lip that means more than an elucidation of the scene—the confession of one attending, not obeying, circumstance. We are becoming "too epic," perhaps; but the talents of this actor demand an infinitely longer comment than we have space to award.

Alp the Renegade is no otherwise indebted to the *Siege of Cortin* than in its title; but the author among some commonplace interjections, treated us with a line or two from *Childe Harold*, &c. which shone out like "new snow on a raven's back." We should have found no fault with this, had not the Coburg lapidary disfigured his objects in order to smuggle them in disguise. The comic portions of the piece (if it is not a misnomer) are, however, quite free from contraband importation, and are, we can have no doubt, the produce of the author's native soil. The story is the same as ever; a sort of "humane footpad," two revolutionary chiefs who might just as well have turned out Bow-street officers, a lady in white, hiding in caves and lifting trap-doors (why is of course the secret) with a child carelessly thrown into the scale to make the interest "kick the beam," instead

of the "bucket." *Alp*, though not long, is well suited to COBHAM, who gave two or three of the points in a style worthy of Mr. YOUNG, to whose manner that of Mr. C. greatly approximates. LEWIS strutted like "any thing," for he puts it out of our power to particularize. BRADLEY amends prodigiously; should he continue to improve we shall give our vote for putting him *into meanings*. By the way of *novelty*, we were quite amused with BLANCHARD; we like, too, his serio-comic combats; he brings them down to a good-humoured parley, and fights like a philosopher. Mr. HILL should never try to be humorous; let him stick to tragedy if he wishes to make us laugh. LE CLERQ officiated as a Yorkshireman, or a Frenchman, or—but the play-bill specifies, and we were never good at a *guess*. A young lady played the heroine with a good deal of promising talent, which only wants power: we have seen the debutante before, though not on the public boards.

George the third, in spite of critical malignity, continues to excite the same gallery bravo! "make haste" from the pit, and silent suffering in the boxes which attended its first performance. LEWIS, with the aid of the "bran new" efforts of his hatter and bootmaker, contrives to give a tolerable representation of BURROUGHS in the same part, which is saying a great deal, Mr. L. when we consider your prototype's talent for *burlesque*. *Sheridan* has been shifted upon Mr. HILL's shoulders—spirit of Richard Brinsley, how would these men cork thee into a half pint bottle, and place thee among their ginger beer! We understand, that having already attacked the state, the church is next to be attempted; and that something is in contemplation wherein Moses and Martin Luther are to be introduced in the shape of BLANCHARD and his tea-kettle singing "away with melaucholy." This attempt will set the unities at defiance; for BRADLEY is to be employed as a quixotic Carlike to "fight

against the churches," which will be the windmills of the story. A collection of all the *Falstaff's* dresses since the days of QUIN has been made, to suit the clergy of modern time, who are to be represented by the entire *corps de ballet* in a new *divertissement*, arranged by Mr. LE CLERQ, to the air of "I care for nobody." This, we hope, will be interdicted, particularly as every mitre has a separate bell, that each may dance to his own music. A dozen or two of jews' harps have been distributed in the orchestra, to give effect, we suppose, to some of the scenes.

DAVIS'S AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS theatre has closed the most successful season known for many years: a proof that the theatrical spirit properly excited is not on the decline, and that such things as successful seasons are still to be attained. The circumstance of one performance having run as a *first piece* an entire season, is perhaps for this house alone to boast, and is a fact highly creditable to the liberality and skill of the management, the exertions of the performers, and the talents of Mr. J. H. AMHERST, who has furnished during the season to crowded houses a series of entertaining and diversified performances.

ROY ALTY THEATRE.

THIS theatre opened for the Winter Season with two new and splendid pieces, *Ulin or the Demon of Fire*, and *Paul Jones the Pirate*; the former from the pen of Mr. FARRELL the stage manager, and the latter we understand by Mr. GOFF one of the corps. The scenery of both pieces, by Phillips, is well executed,

particularly the Sultan's palace and the view of Beachy Head. The house has been numerously attended. We congratulate the Manager on the accession of Mrs Stanley, Mr. Carles, Edwards, and as we are informed Mr. Prior, old favourites at this establishment. It is certainly within the compass of the present company and management, to restate this house in the estimation of the public, and awaken this quarter of the metropolis (the cradle of Garrick's fame) to its former valuation of dramatic performance.

MINOR-IES.

It is with the deepest regret, that we disappoint the many admirers of Mr. H. KEMBLE : but the fact is, so great a subject cannot be shewed up at a short notice. We could have hatched in the oven of our imagination twenty VALES, forty HARWOODS, eighty SLOMANS, and LOVEDAYS and BLANCHARDS *ad infinitum*; we could have hatched these, we say, broken their shell, and sprinkled a little salt on each, at, as it were, a moment's warning; and so our vanity lead us to suppose we could have produced a KEMBLE—behold! the fall of vain presumption! KEMBLE completely *bothers us*. Rejoice, ye actors of the Surrey, ye, who were wont to soothe your indignation at *Johnson's* Lethe-dropping fount; shout

ye myrmidons, and as HARRY crosses the door, strike up "*See the conqu'ring Hero comes*,"—HARWOOD present thy champion "a cup of sack;"—AULD, thrust forth thy half-consumed *chopine* of malt, to greet the victor's lip—

"The mighty conqueror of common sense."

We have avowed a want of success in our first efforts to portray the varied beauties of KEMBLE, but we do; not altogether forego the attempt: after swallowing three cups of green tea, "craftily qualified" with a few drops of Cogniac, and placing a napkin round our temples—(this last precaution is greatly necessary, because, to report of KEMBLE aright, we must imagine that we *hear* him)—we shall once more apply ourselves to the task, and have no doubt of producing a faithful likeness of KEMBLE. We are not, after all, sorry for our undertaking, because, as we intend to write an essay on the Dragon of Wantley, a *minorie* on KEMBLE will be a great progressive attempt.

It would be unjust to many gentlemen of the "large" Theatres, and equally partial to the actors at the "small" ones, were we to confine our praise of superior dullness to HARWOOD, or unmeaning loquacity to LOVEDAY; therefore, we intend, at intervals, to sacrifice a THOMSON, or a HORREBOW, or a MASON, to our hatred of bluster, conceit, and insipidity. æ.

THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT.

We understand that that "mighty chiel," BURROUGHS, is gone, or going to astonish the natives of Dublin; thence to America, and thence to Van Diemens' Land. New stages are to be erected wherever this gentleman "*shews his leg*;" BURROUGHS determining the *Pantoccina*

shall not solely enjoy this singularity: wherever *Punch* has appeared, Burroughs will be at home.

We feel happy in being enabled to deny a report which at first caused great sensation in the Theatrical world: some malicious persons have sent forth a rumour that

Taylor, despairing of getting an engagement, had actually enlisted in the *grenadiers*. Our pleasure is extreme, in avowing the rumour to be false; though should Mr. T. feel inclined to enter, he would certainly have the *highest* post in the regiment.

Miss Wilson does not intend to accept any engagements at any of the great Theatres during her stay on the Continent. Mr. Welch will remain with his pupil until her return to England and whilst they stay in Italy, they will visit all the grand Operas in Florence, Rome, Naples, Verona and Venice, and perhaps the theatres in Germany, for the purpose of this young lady's improvement in the science of music.

Liston does not play at Drury-Lane this season, having made an engagement at the Dublin Theatre.

Mr. J. RUSSELL, late of Covent Garden and the Haymarket, is now playing the first line of tragedy in the York Circuit.

Mrs. C. JONES is engaged at the Dublin Theatre.

The Adelphi Theatre, we understand, will also produce "*Der Freischütz*:" extra chorusses are engaged, and much has been expended in scenery and decorations.

We were not aware that that excellent twentieth-rate actor, Mr. HORREBOW, appeared in the country as a star of the first magnitude. We are, however, informed, by a worthy correspondent, that a notice as follows, was advertized to clench the bumpkins—" *Alfred Highflyer*, Mr. Horrebrow, of the Theatres Royal Covent Garden and Haymarket!"

Miss Jarman of the Dublin Theatre is engaged at Drury Lane and, makes her debut early in the ensuing month: her talents are said to be of the highest order.

Pearman is *at last* devoting himself to study under the justly celebrated Sig. Vercillini, the tutor of Miss Paton—a fact, we believe, not generally known.

The public have frequently been amused with paragraphs alluding to the marriage of Mr. Hayne, who is a young man lately come to the possession of a large fortune, and Miss Foote the actress, whose beauty and whose adventures have equally excited attention. The following paragraph, from the *Devizes Gazette* places this matter in a plain point of view:—

The lovely actress who a few days since was within an *inch* of being united to a wealthy Commoner residing in this county, is at the present moment full a *foot* from being so. The morning appointed for the happy event had arrived—a sumptuous breakfast was provided by the father of the intended bride—the clergyman was in waiting, and nothing but the presence of the gentleman was wanting to consummate the ceremony. It appears that he had come to town for the express purpose, and had taken up his residence at Long's Hotel, to which place, after the appointed hour had elapsed, a messenger was dispatched, when it was found that his friends, averse to the match, had locked him in his chamber. Under a similar confinement the messenger was immediately placed; and a second messenger, who soon after arrived, shared a like fate. At length some of the lady's friends went in quest of the lover, and reached Long's just at the moment he was stepping into his carriage, which conveyed him into the county, try. Thus have terminated the hopes of Mr. F. and his beautiful daughter.

END OF VOL. IV.



